

Novello's

School

Music



KING THRUSH-BEARD

TWO SHILLINGS

LONDON
NOVELLO & CO., LTD.

NOVELLO'S SCHOOL MUSIC.

EDITED BY W. G. McNAUGHT.

KING THRUSHBEARD

AN OPERETTA IN TWO ACTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

WORDS BY

CLAUDE AVELING

MUSIC BY

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

Tonic Sol-fa Edition, price Ninepence.

1.00

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

AND

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., NEW YORK.

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KING THRUSHBEARD.

ARGUMENT.

ACT I.

025 11 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

KING SYRINGA, annoyed by the persistent refusals of his niece and heiress, Princess Ina, to marry any of her numerous admirers, secretly vows that she shall be disinherited, and married to the first beggar that comes to the palace gates, unless she chooses between Hob, Nob and Snob. Falsair and Grimcheek, the usual wicked relatives, hearing of the King's vow, persuade Ina to refuse them; but Becco, who has been promised a large reward for helping King Thrushbeard's suit, overhears their plot and brings Thrushbeard, disguised as Timothy Dobbs, a beggar, to the palace, and Ina is married and carried off to extreme poverty.

ACT II.

Ina, in her cottage, learns from Timothy of the preparations for Thrushbeard's wedding to a Princess whose name is a secret. Falsair and the Royal Court and the villagers call on Ina, singing, dancing and making fun of her in her new circumstances. News comes through Syringa that Thrushbeard's choice is none other than the heiress to Syringa's throne. Falsair, who is now Crown Princess in place of the disinherited Ina, thinks that she herself is referred to, and prepares to go to King Thrushbeard's castle; but Timothy, now having won Ina's affections, declares himself Thrushbeard, and, as should be the case with all good fairy tales, he and Ina live happily ever after, while Falsair and Grimcheek find that their "plots and machinations" have only succeeded in rendering themselves supremely ridiculous.

Time of performance about One Hour.

NOTE.—Dobbs' dress should include a slouch hat and a scarf, to aid his disguise, though this is fairly complete since he appears without a beard throughout the piece.

CHARACTERS.

* KING SYRINGA.

* TIMOTHY DOBBS (*a Beggar, alias KING THRUSHBEARD, King of Larissa*).

BECCO (*King Syringa's Chamberlain*).

GRIMCHEEK (*wicked Uncle*).

* HOB
* NOB } (*Suitors*).
* SNOB }

PRINCESS INA (*Niece to Syringa*).

FALSAIR (*Stepmother to Ina*).

PHOEBE (*a Country Maiden*).

† THE LADY ALINE
† THE LADY CLARISSA } (*Ladies of the Court*).
† THE LADY DELIA }

* Small singing parts, mostly speaking.

† Small speaking parts.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Hall in the Palace of King Syringa.*

ACT II.

SCENE—*A Wood, with exterior of Cottage.*

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KING THRUSHBEARD.

ACT I.

Hall in the Palace of King Syringa. Aline, Clarissa, Delia, and Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court discovered.

No. 1. INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS.—“ALL ARE AGOG FOR THE STATE CEREMONIAL.”

Allegretto.

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time, marked *Allegretto*. It consists of five systems of music, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble staff is characterized by eighth-note patterns and triplet figures. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The subsequent systems continue the melodic and harmonic development, with the treble staff often featuring more complex rhythmic patterns and the bass staff providing a steady accompaniment. The final system concludes with a sustained chord in the treble and a final cadence in the bass.

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f

All are a - gog for the state ce - re - ni - al, All is pre - pared for the
Doh is C.
 { | s : - . l : s | s : - . l : s | d' : t : d' | r' : t : s | m' : - . f' : m' | r' : - . r' : d' | }

fête mat - ri - mo - ni - al, Suit - ors by doz - ens, and hundreds are wait - ing, Ner - vous - ly watching the
G.t.
 { | l : t : d' | r' : t : s | s : - . l : s | s : - . l : s | d' f : - . m : f | s : m : d | l : - . t : l | se : m : se | }

clock : *f* Some of them look on their
f.C.
 { | l : - : - | - : - : - | d' : - . s : m | f : - . f : s | d' s : - . t : d' | r' : t : r' | m' : - . r' : d' | r' : - . m' : f' | }

p chance ve - ry hope - ful - ly, Some, ve - ry glum, steal a glance rather mope - ful - ly,
 { | t : l : se | l : - . t : d' | t : - . t : t | d' : r' : m' | fe : - . fe . fe | s : - . l : t | }

Quiv-er-ing, shiv-er-ing, knees trep-id-a-ting, Bra-cing them -

{ | d' . d' : d' : | l . l : l : | r' : - : d' . r' | t : d' : r' | : : | m' : r' : d' }

f

- selves . . . for the shock.

{ | s' : - : - | - : t : t | d' : - : - | - : - : - | : : | : : | : : | : : }

f

Ru-lers of dyn-as-ties, new ones and old-en ones, Of-fer their di-a-dems,

{ | : : | : : | s : - . l : s | s : - . l : s | d' : t : d' | r' : - . t : s | m' : - . f' : m' | r' : - . m' : d' }

mf

jewelled and gold-en ones, Vow to be lov-ing and faith-ful and loy-al, If but their lot she will

{ | l : t : d' | r' : t : s | s : - . l : s | s : - . l : s | d' : - . t : d' | r' : t : s | ^{G.t.} m' l : - . t : l | se : m : se }

share : *mf* Suit-ors who walk with an

{ l : - : - : - : - : d' : s : m | f : - : f : s | f. C. d' s : - : t : d' | r' : t : r' | m' : - : r' : d' | r' : - : m' : f' }

f *mf*

air ter-ri - tor - i - al, Suit-ors with carriage and bear-ing ar-mor - i - al— But the proud I - na, dis -

{ t : - : l : se | l : - : t : d' | t : - : t : t | d' : r' : m' | fe : - : fe : fe | s : - : l : t | d' : - : t : d' | l : t : d' }

1st SOPRANO. *f*

- dain - ful - ly roy - al, Turns up her nose . . . in the air !

{ r' : - : d' : r' | t : d' : r' | : : | m' : r' : d' | s : - : - : - : t : t | d' : : | : : }

2nd SOPRANO. *f* *ad lib.*

- dain - ful - ly roy - al, Turns up her nose . . . in the air ! Did she turn up her

{ r' : - : d' : r' | t : d' : r' | : : | m' : r' : d' | m' : - : - : r' : s : f | m : m : f | s : l : t ; }

sf

Yes, she turned up her nose, Yes, she turned up her nose . . . in the air !

{ | : l : t | d' : r' : m' | f' : d' : r' | m' : f' : s' | l' : - : - : - : | : : t : t | d' : - : - : | : : }

nose ? Yes, she turned up her nose . . . in the air !

{ | d' : : | : : | : d' : t | d' : r' : m' | f' : - : - : - : | : : s : s | m : - : - : | : : }

sf *sf* *sf* *sf*



Clarissa (petulantly).—Really, Aline, the Princess is very hard to please : she sent away another two dozen suitors yesterday. (*Enter Becco, R.*) Ah, Becco, come and tell us, how many competitors are there left in now ?

Becco.—Three : or, rather, four, if you include the King of Larissa.

Aline.—Who are the three ?

Becco.—Three very worthy gentlemen, named Hob, Nob, and Snob. But I pin my hopes on the King of Larissa.

Clarissa.—Oh, we need not count on him at all : the Princess laughs at him.

Becco.—I still live in the hope that she will choose him ; for he has promised me ten thousand golden crowns if all goes well.

Aline.—Then you may wish you may get them, for only yesterday the Princess was making fun of his queer little beard.

Clarissa.—Yes, and nicknamed him “Thrushbeard.” (*Laughs.*)

Becco.—Young people are a great deal too fastidious : in my young days, all the ladies would have jumped at me, if I had given them the chance.

Delia.—Ah, that must have been in the days before they became fastidious ! (*Girls laugh.*)

Becco.—Well, one thing is certain, we shall never have any peace until the Princess makes up her mind.

No. 2. SONG (Becco) WITH CHORUS.—“PRINCESS INA'S HIGH AND HAUGHTY.”

Andante. *mf*

Lah is **E**. Doh is **G**. Prin-cess I - na's high and haughty, Prin-cess

{ | m : r | d : t | m | l : m : m : fe | }

Andante. *mf* *p*

I - na's proud and naughty, Suit - ors com-ing, suit - ors go - ing, Fill our halls to o - ver -

{ | s : m : r : m : r | d : m : m : r | d : m : t | m | l : m : m : l : t | d' : l : t : d' | }

p *f* *G*

- flow - ing ; But the way - ward Prin-cess I - na Shuts them up, . . .

{ | t : l : s : r : m | f : r : m : d | r : t : d : l | m : — : — : — } }

pp

shuts them up like a - ny per - ny con - cer - ti - na !

{ | m : r : d : t : l : t : d : r | m : se : t : l : l : : : }

CHORUS. *p*

Yes, the way - ward Prin-cess I - na Shuts them

{ | : : : m : m | f : r : m : d | r : t : d : l | }

f *pp*

up, shuts them up like a-ny penny con - cer - ti - na!

{ | m : - | - : - | m , r . d , t₁ : l₁ , t₁ . d , r | m , se₁ : t₁ . l₁ }

Becco.
mf

One, she says, too thin and

{ | : | : | : | : m , r | d . m : t₁ . m }

p

tall is, One, she thinks, too fat and small is, Sharp her mer - ci - less in - spec - tion, Not one

{ | l . m : m . fe | s . m : r . m , r | d . m : m , r | d . m : t₁ . m | l . m : m^{D.t.} . t }

fault es - capes de - tec - tion, All my days I've nev - er seen a Maid - en so, . . .

{ | d^{f.G.} . l : t . d^{f.G.} | t . l : , s^{f.G.} r , m | f , r : m , d | r , t₁ : d . l₁ | m : - }

pp

f

maid-en so par-tic-u-lar as Prin-cess I-na!

CHORUS.

p All his days he's nev-er

f *pp*

seen a Maid-en so, maid-en so par-tic-u-lar as

f *mf* BECCO.

Prin-cess I-na!

f *p*

pen-se is ve-ry wear-ing, B.t. f. *f* Prin-cess I-na still re-

fu - ses, Flout - ing us with lame ex - cu - ses, Months have passed and nothing's set - tled, So it's

{ d' .s :s .l | t .,s :l .t | l .s : .f,s | l .,f :s .,m | f .,r :m .,d }

not, so it's not surprising that the King is net - tled.

{ s : - | - : - | s ,f .m ,r :d ,r .m ,f | s .,t :r .d }

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

Months have

CHORUS. ALTO.

: : : : : .s ,s }

passed and no - thing's set - tled, So it's not,

{ l .,f :s .,m | f .,r :m .,d | s : - | - : - }

Months have passed and no - thing's set - tled, So it's

{ : : : : : m .,d | r .,t :d .,l | t .,s :l .,f }

so it's not surprising that the King is net-tled.
 not surprising that the King is net-tled.

Becco. *mf.*
 But when la-dies are de-termined, Be they cloth'd in rags, or
 er-mined, Vain will be your best en-dea-vour, You can nev-er move them,
 nev-er: Still, I'm sure there's nev-er been a La-dy quite,

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la-dy quite so obstinate as Prin - cess I - na!
 { s , f . m , r : d , r . m , f | s . , t : r . d | : : }

CHORUS.
 Still, he's sure there's nev - er been a La - dy
 { | : : . s , s | l . , f : s . , m | f . , r : m . , d }

Still, he's
 { | : : : : : m . , d }

quite, la - dy quite so ob - stin - ate as
 { s : - - - - : - - - - | s . f . m , r : d , r . m , f }

sure there's nev - er been a La - dy quite so ob - stin - ate as
 { | r . , t : d . , l : t : s : l : . f : s : . , t : d , r . m , f }

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

Prin - cess I - na!
 { s . , t : r : d : : : : }

Prin - cess I - na!
 { s . , s : f . m : : : : }

Enter, R., Grimcheek and Falsair, mysteriously: Falsair is truculent and aggressive, Grimcheek is meek and mild, and evidently stands in awe of Falsair.

No. 3. DUET (FALS AIR AND GRIMCHEEK).—"WE'RE A WICKED OLD PAIR."

Andante. FALS AIR. *p*
Lah is A. Doh is C. We're a
 { . | : | : | : | : | : .m,m }

GRIMCHEEK. *p*
 We're a
 { . | : | : | : | : | : .m,m }

Andante.
f *3* *p* *pp*

wicked old pair, And we darken the air With plots and mach - in - a - tions: A
 { | 1,1 .d' :t .m,m | 1,1 .d' :t .m | 1 .,t:d' .r' | m' .m :-- .m }

wicked old pair, And we darken the air With plots and mach - in - a - tions :
 { | 1,1 .d' :t .m,m | 1,1 .d' :t .m | 1 .,l:l .l | se .m :-- . }

stepmother sly, Two bold and bad re - la - tions. We *mf*
 { | 1,1 .d' :t . | : .m | 1 .,t:d' .r' | m' .r' : .s }

Wicked un-cle an I, Two bold and bad re - la - tions. We *mf*
 { | : .m,m | 1,1 .d' :t .m | 1 .,l:l .l | d' .t : .s }

rev-el and sport At the palace and court Of ev - 'ry fai - ry sto - ry, We've a

{ | m' , d' . m' : s' : f' , m' | r' , t . r' : f' . m' , r' | d' , l . d' : m' . r' , d' | m' . r' : . s , s }

rev-el and sport At the palace and court Of ev - 'ry fai - ry sto - ry, We've a

{ | s , m . s : t . d' , d' | t , s . t : l . s , f | m . s : d' . t , l | d' . t : . s , s }

tr

weakness and whim For all tales that are Grimm, Hans An - der - sen's our glo - ry!

{ | m' , d' . m' : s' : f' , m' | r' , t . r' : f' . m' , r' | d' , l . d' : m' . r' , d' | t . m : }

weakness and whim For all tales that are Grimm, Hans An - der - sen's our glo - ry!

{ | s , m . s : t . d' , d' | t , s . t : l . s , f | m . l : d' . t , l | se . m : }

mf No age or clime Or nur-ser-y rhyme Can boast such crime-Stain'd

A.3. { | : | : . m s , || d . r : m . f | s . f , m : r . m | d . t , : l , . t , d }

mf No age or clime Or nur-ser-y rhyme Can boast such crime-Stain'd

{ | : | : . m s , || d . t , : d . d | d . l , l , : t , . t , | l , . se , : l , . fe , }

mf

wretch as I'm, For
3. C.

{ | r ., t : s | - : - | - : - | : : : s : m || }

wretch as I'm,

{ | s : ., s : s : s | - : - | - : - | : : : || }

I'm the wick - ed step-mother,

{ | m' ., d' : l . t , d' | t . se , m : : : } }

And I'm the wick - ed un - cle !

{ | : : : m | l ., f : r . m , f m . l : : : } }

f

2. If

{ | : : : : : : : m } }

p *pp*

I poi - son my step - daugh - ters ;
 { | : | : .m | l .t :d' .r' | m' .m :- . }
 children are good, I can lose them in a wood, If
 { | l .l .d' :t .m ,m | l .l .d' ,d' :t . | : | : .m }

Or drown in deep dark
 { | : | : .m | l .t :d' .r' }
 boys rouse my ire, pop they go up - on the fire,
 { | l .d' ,d' :t .m ,m | l .l .d' ,d' :t . | : }

wa - ters ;
 { | m' .r' : | : | : }
 Or I cast them a - float in a rot - ten old boat, To . .
 { | : .s .s | m' ,d' .m' :s' .f' .m' | r' ,t .r' :f' .m' ,r' }

And heirs to a throne which we think is our own We
 { | : | : .s | m' .d', m' : s' .f', m' | r' .t , r' : f' .m' , r' }

face the storm - y . . bil - low,
 { | d' , l . d' : m' .r' , d' | m' .r' : | : | : }

tr

smother with a . . pil - low ! *mf* No *A.3.*
 { | d' , l . d' : m' .r' , d' | t .m : | : | : .m s₁ || }

No
 { | : | : | : | : | : .m s₁ || }

(Sanctimoniously, hands folded.)

age or clime Or nur - ser - y rhyme Can boast such crime-Stain'd wretch as I'm, . .
 { | d .r : m .f | s .f , m : r .m | d .t₁ : l₁ .t₁ , d | r .t₁ : s₁ }

age or clime Or nur - ser - y rhyme Can boast such crime-Stain'd wretch as I'm, . .
 { | d .t₁ : d .d | d .l₁ , l₁ : t₁ .t₁ | l₁ .se₁ : l₁ .fe₁ | s₁ ., s₁ : s₁ }

mf

For
3.C.
s.m

I'm the wick - ed step - mo - ther,
And I'm the wick - ed un - cle!

Falsair.—There's no doubt about it, a bad reputation takes a lot of living up to.

Grimcheek.—I am sure you do all you can to deserve yours; you're always down on my poor niece Ina, bless her dear heart! (*Affects to weep.*)

Falsair (*shaking him*).—You cowardly old hypocrite! You haven't pluck enough to be an honest villain.

Grimcheek.—I don't want to be a villain at all: I never even killed a caterpillar!

Falsair.—Oh, come, now, who lost the Babes in the Wood?

Grimcheek (*whimpering*).—Poor little darlings! They lost themselves.

Falsair.—What about the Princes in the Tower?

Grimcheek.—Well, you need not rake up all the unfortunate little accidents with which I happen to have been connected: besides, political necessity must always come before sentiment.

Falsair.—Well, then, listen to me: I have information that King Syringa has had enough of Princess Ina.

Grimcheek.—I think we have all had enough of Princess Ina.

(*Enter Becco, L., he stands at back unobserved.*)

Falsair.—He has made a vow, a secret one (*mysteriously*).

Grimcheek.—That is how you know it, of course.

Falsair.—That if his niece refuses to-day, she is to be disgraced and married to the first beggar that comes to the palace gates.

(*Becco crosses and exit, R.*)

Grimcheek.—How will that help us?

Falsair.—Why, you blockhead (*Grimcheek cringes*), Ina will be degraded to the rank of her husband, I shall be made Crown Princess, and then I shall appoint you Commander-in-chief.

Grimcheek.—Thank you, but being a wicked uncle is quite enough of a responsibility for me: and doesn't it seem rather hard luck for poor little Ina?

Falsair.—You soft-hearted coward, will you turn traitor? (*She stands over him with a dagger, he drops on his knees, begging for mercy.*)

Grimcheek.—Mercy! I'll do anything you like. (*Rises.*)

Falsair.—The Princess stands in our path, and that has always been quite enough excuse for all our misdeeds.

Grimcheek.—Here she comes, the little darling!

Falsair (*threatening him again with dagger*).—Little cat, you mean?

Grimcheek (*humbly*).—Oh, of course, I forgot, LITTLE CAT!

(*Enter Princess Ina, looking very dejected: Falsair and Grimcheek retire.*)

No. 4.

SONG (INA).—"UNWELCOME SWAINS."

Andante.

Doh is C.

Andante.

p

1. Un-wel-come
2. It seems so

swains by thou - sands come this way, Im - por - tu - nate - ly su - ing, Sy - rin - ga
hard that I am not al - low'd To choose, like o - ther mor - tals, Com - plete - ly

tells me I must choose to - day, And end their ceaseless woo - ing:
at the mer - cy of the crowd That throngs the royal por - tals:

But why should they make such a great to - do, And whine "Ah, do not flout me," Con - sid - er -
But what can one poor maid - en do, dis - tress By ev - 'ry sort of fac - tion, When un - cles

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- ing they've managed hither - to Ex-tremely well . . . with - out me? } With vain and
 and step-mothers and the rest . All drive me to . . . dis - trac - tion? }

{ f' .m' : l .t .d' : r' .m' | s :- .d' : d' .m' | s' :- :- .m' | r' : d' .s : f .m }

emp - ty com - pli - ments, My ears per - sis-tent-ly these clowns are din - ning ; Poor sim-ple

{ l :- .s : d' .t | m' :- .x' : d' .l | s .l : t .d' : r' .m' | m' : r' .m' : f' .s' }

fools and in - no - cents, They think that woo-ing's just the same as win - ning !

{ d' :- .d' : f' .r' | m' :- .l : l .t | s .l : t .d' : r' .m' | r' : d' : }

rit.

After 2nd verse.

Falsair and Grimcheek come forward with an elaborate curtsy, R.

Grimcheek and Falsair.—Good morrow, dear little Ina!

Ina (L).—Oh, it is you, is it? Ugh! (*crosses to R., and turns her back on them. Falsair and Grimcheek cross to L.*)

Falsair (sweetly).—These exciting times have upset you a little, my dear.

Grimcheek.—This will be a great day for my dear little niece! (*advancing towards Ina.*)

Ina (turning on him fiercely).—What has that to do with you? Don't interfere. (*Grimcheek flies back to Falsair for protection.*)

Grimcheek.—Oh, naughty, naughty, to speak like that to your loving uncle!

Ina.—I can't help it, you two are quite the most odious creatures I have ever seen!

Falsair (coaxingly).—Come, come, dear, we are not so bad as the world makes out.

Ina.—Indeed, I hope not!

Grimcheek.—Our one aim in life is to make you happy.

Falsair.—And so we are very anxious to know if you have made up your mind about the suitors.

Ina (with determination).—I have made up my mind, thank you!

Grimcheek (eagerly).—And what have you decided?

Ina.—I intend to refuse them all.

Falsair and Grimcheek (to each other).—He, he! (*chuckling.*)

Falsair (to Ina).—Quite right, my dear, quite right: send them all away.

Grimcheek.—Yes, don't allow yourself to be bullied!

Ina (suspiciously).—You're both very anxious that I should refuse them.

Falsair (savagely to Grimcheek).—Stupid! You have aroused her suspicions. (*Aloud to Ina.*) On the whole, dear, (*sweetly*) I think you had better fall in with King Syringa's wishes.

Grimcheek.—Yes, do as you're bid, good little kid!

Ina (roused to indignation).—Then, I won't, so there's an end of it!

Falsair (to Grimcheek).—Oh, dear no, the fun is just beginning!

Grimcheek.—He, he!

Ina.—And I'll have nothing more to do with you, so good morning, you horrible things!

No. 5. TRIO (INA, FALS AIR AND GRIMCHEEK).—"GOOD MORROW, YOUR HIGHNESS."

Allegro.

Ina.

Doh is G. Good day, Ug-ly

FALS AIR.

GRIMCHEEK.

Good mor - row, your High - ness!

p

Face !

{ m : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

A lit - tle more shy - ness Were not out of

{ : : | : : t₁ d : d : | : : f m : m : | : : l s : - : | s : - : s }

A lit - tle more shy - ness Were not out of

{ : : | : : : m r : r : | : : s f : f : f m : - : | r : - : r }

Good day, you old cat !

{ : : | : : : : | : : | : : | : : se l : - : | m : fe s : - : | : : }

place ; Good mor - row, dear daugh - ter ! What

{ d : - : | : : s d' : - : | s : - : l t : - : | fe : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : t₁ }

place ;

{ d : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

manners ! who taught her Be - ha - viour like that ?

{ d : d : | : : f m : m : | : : l d' : - : | t : - : m l : - : | : : }

What manners ! who taught her Be - ha - viour like that ?

{ : : m r : r : | : : s f : f : f m : - : | m : - : r d : - : | : : }

Good mor - row, my

Good day, you old bore!

Her snapping and snarling Are

dar - ling! Her snapping and snarling Are

worse than be - fore! Good mor - row, sweet crea - ture!

worse than be - fore!

- trice!

{ | s : - : - | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

Bad tem-per's a fea-ture That's hard - ly "quite

{ | : : | : : | : t | d : d : | : : | f | m : m : | : : | l | d' : - : - | t : - : m }

Bad tem-per's a fea-ture That's hard - ly "quite

{ | : : | : : | : : | m | r : r : | : : | s | f : f : l | m : - : - | m : - : r }

f

f

Good mor - row, good mor - row, good mor - row!

{ | : : | : : | m | r : - : - | m : - : m | f : - : - | m : - : m | l : - : - | - : - : - | m : - : | : : }

nice"! Good mor - row, good mor - row, good mor - row!

{ | l : - : - | : : | m | t : - : - | d : - : m | l : - : - | m : - : m | f : - : - | - : - : - | m : - : | : : }

nice"! Good mor - row, good mor - row, good mor - row!

{ | d : - : - | : : | m | l : - : - | m : - : m | t : - : - | d : - : d | r : - : - | - : - : - | m : - : | : : }

f

(Exeunt Ina, L., Falsair and Grimcheek, R.)

mf

(Enter Chorus, laughing, dragging in Hob, Nob and Snob : Hob, Nob and Snob have large numbers, 1, 2 and 3, respectively, on their coats, back and front. They advance, making a bold show of bravado. N.B.—Snob should be the smallest of the three, the shorter the better.)

No. 6. TRIO (HOB, NOB AND SNOB) AND CHORUS.—“WE NEVER FLINCH.”

Allegro moderato.

f

HOB.

1. We nev - er flinch!
2. But when it comes

Doh is B \flat .

{ | : | : | : | : | :s₁ | d :s₁ | d : }

NOB AND SNOB.

1. Our
2. To

{ | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | :r }

f

Nor yield an inch— No beat - en foe With
And beat of drums We don't feel quite So

{ | : | :f | m : - r | d : | : | :s₁ | d :s₁ | d :r }

foes we scorn! Or bar - ley - corn! No beat - en foe With
quit - ting arms, And war's a - larms, We don't feel quite So

{ | m :r .d | s : | : | :t₁.d | r : - .t₁ | s₁ :s₁ | d :s₁ | d :r }

helm laid low Will dare to ask for quar - ter; We hold our ground—
 keen to fight, The game its glam - our los - es; We don't de - ny,
 { F.t. :t | d' :- .t | l :- .m | m :b .se | l :l, : | : f.B. :m | s :- .m | de : }

helm laid low Will dare to ask for quar - ter; And
 keen to fight, The game its glam - our los - es; We
 { :t | d' :- .t | l :- .m | m :b .se | l :l, : | : : : :r, }

Our hearts are bound— With sword in hand E -
 And much too shy Our teeth shake, shake, Our
 { : : :m | f :- .r | t, : : : :s, | d :s, | d :r }

none may pass! With tri - ple brass! With sword in hand E -
 feel a - fraid, To face the maid, Our teeth shake, shake, Our
 { t, :de | r : : : :s, | d :m | r :s, | d :s, | d :r }

- rect we stand And thrust and slash and slaugh - ter! U - ni - ted we, Un -
 knees quake, quake, Our cour - age melts and ooz - es! It's plain to me No
 { :m :r .d | s : .f | m :- .r | d .r :m | r :- | d :m | s :- .m | de :l, }

- rect we stand, And thrust and slash and slaugh - ter! U - ni - ted we, Un -
 knees quake, quake, Our cour - age melts and ooz - es! It's plain to me No
 { :m :r .d | s : .f | m :- .r | d .r :m | r :- | d :m | s :- .m | de :l, }

- daunt - ed three, We ask you, now, ob - serve us, By our de - mean - our
 ped - i - gree Nor rank nor wealth can serve us: We can't dis - guise the
 { t₁ :de | r :r | f :- .r | t₁ :s₁ | d :m | r : .s₁ | d :d | t₁ :d }

- daunt - ed three, We ask you, now, ob - serve us, By our de - mean - our
 ped - i - gree Nor rank nor wealth can serve us: We can't dis - guise the
 { t₁ :de | r :r | f :- .r | t₁ :s₁ | d :m | r : .s₁ | d :d | t₁ :d }

you can see We're not one lit - tle bit ner - vous! Not one lit - tle bit,
 fact that we Are just a lit - tle bit ner - vous! Just a lit - tle bit,
 { l₁ :s₁.f₁|s₁ :s₁ | l₁ :- .t₁ | d .r :m | f :- | s₁ :m .f | s :- .m | f : }

you can see We're not one lit - tle bit ner - vous! Not one lit - tle bit,
 fact that we Are just a lit - tle bit ner - vous! Just a lit - tle bit,
 { l₁ :s₁.f₁|s₁ :s₁ | l₁ :- .t₁ | d .r :m | f :- | s₁ :m .f | s :- .m | f : }

CHORUS. *p*

Not a
Just a
:r .m

Not a ti - - ny lit - tle bit ner - - vous!
 More than a lit - tle bit ner - - vous!
 { : | :s₁ .s₁ | l₁ :- .t₁ | d .r :m | r :- | d }

Not a ti - - ny lit - tle bit ner - - vous!
 More than a lit - tle bit ner - - vous!
 { : | :s₁ .s₁ | l₁ :- .t₁ | d .r :m | r :- | d }

ti - ny lit - tle bit! Not a ti - - ny lit - tle bit ner - - vous!
 ti - ny lit - tle bit! Just a ti - ny lit - tle bit ner - - vous!
 { f .r :m .d | r :s₁ .s₁ | l₁ :l₁ | s₁ .s₁ :d | d :t₁ | d }
 { :s₁ .s₁ | f₁ :f₁ | s₁ .s₁ :s₁ | f₁ :- | m₁ }



(At end of Trio, Hob, Nob and Snob, may dance a grotesque dance, sword exercise, slapping their chests, strutting about, &c., to give themselves courage.)

Hob.—Now for it!

Nob.—I feel so unhappy.

Snob.—Here comes the King with his suite. } Together.

*Flourish from * to * in Dance above. Enter, r., King Syringa with his suite, Falsair and Grimcheek. The two last stand apart, whispering and chuckling.*

Syringa (c.).—My loyal subjects, your painful suspense is about to end. We have made a selection from the very large assortment of candidates offered. Our beloved niece, Princess Ina, will to-day make her choice.

Falsair.—And if her Royal Highness be still obstinate?

Syringa (severely).—We have provided for that contingency.

Falsair (gleefully, to Grimcheek).—Did you hear that?

Grimcheek (feebly).—Hear, hear!

Syringa.—Go, give the Princess our greetings (to a Nobleman: exit Nobleman, l.). And, now advance, you three gallant, stalwart, valiant suitors. (Hob, Nob and Snob, try to hide, but are hauled out.) Will you kindly stand there? (indicates, l. Hob, Nob and Snob take their places nervously, l.)

(Enter Ina, l., attended by Clarissa, Aline, Delia, and Nobleman. She comes forward

to centre, calmly looks the suitors up and down, then turns her back on them contemptuously, and moves to r. and talks with Aline, Clarissa and Delia.)

Syringa.—Ahem! my dear Ina, these three eligible bachelors aspire for your hand, and they are encouraged (Ina still converses with her attendants), they are encouraged, my dearest child, by the keen interest which you are graciously pleased to take in them. (To Hob, Nob and Snob.) Kindly stand thus (he arranges them in a row one behind the other, l., facing Ina, r.)

Hob (nervously).—May it please your Royal Highness, I venture to ask you—er—er—(breaks down).

Nob.—Yes, your Royal Highness, I fain would hope that—er—er—(collapses).

Snob.—Y—yes, your Royal Highness, I hope we make ourselves quite clear. We er—er—(breaks down; they lean on one another for support, terrified).

Syringa.—Oh, come, you will never do any good like that.

Hob.—You see, your Majesty, this place is so dreadfully p—p—public!

Syringa.—Then you shall withdraw to the pavilion with the Princess, who will dismiss those of you for whom she has no further use. Go, Ina, and make your choice. (Exit Ina, l., followed at a distance by Hob, Nob and Snob, who have to be coaxed to go.)

Tempo di Minuetto.

(Re-enter Hob, L., he staggers across to R., and falls in a faint.)
 Syringa.—One!
 Falsair (delighted).—One!
 Grimcheek (feebly imitating).—One!
 (Re-enter Nob, L., he staggers across to R., and falls in a faint.)
 Syringa.—Two! (General murmur of excitement.)
 Falsair (joyfully).—Two!
 Grimcheek (feebly).—Two!
 (Re-enter Snob, L., he staggers across to R., and falls in a faint, amid loud expressions of general disappointment.)

All.—O-o-o-h!
 Syringa (furious).—What does this mean? (rushes out, L.)
 Falsair (dancing with delight).—Three!
 Grimcheek (following suit).—Three!
 (Re-enter, L., Syringa, dragging Ina, defiant.)
 Syringa.—Now, then, explain yourself, Madam!
 Ina.—Take them all away, they won't do!
 Syringa (in a passion).—You refuse to obey me?
 Ina.—Absolutely!
 Syringa.—Very well—we shall see about that!

No. 8.

FINALE.—“ALTHOUGH I'M PRETTY TOUGH.”

Allegretto.

f

SYRINGA (to Ina).

mf

Although I'm pret - ty tough, you know, I've had a - bout e - nough, you know, And

Lah is G. Doh is B♭.

{ | : : | : : m₁ | l₁ : - : d | t₁ : - : d | l₁ : - : m | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | t₁ : - : se₁ | l₁ : - : m₁ | m₁ : - : m₁ }

don't in - tend to stand your sil - ly tan - trums a - ny more, I've

{ | l₁ : - : d | t₁ : - : d | l₁ : - : m | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | t₁ : - : se₁ | l₁ : - : : | : : d.r }

hi - ther - to been le - ni - ent, You'll make it now con - ve - ni - ent To car - ry out my

{ | m : - : f | s : - : m | r : - : d | t₁ : - : t₁ | d : - : r | m : - : d | t₁ : - : l₁ | se₁ : - : m₁ | l₁ : - : d | t₁ : - : d }

wish - es more than you have done be - fore.

{ | l₁ : - : m | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | t₁ : - : se₁ | l₁ : - : - | : : | : : | : : }

f 3

You're wil - ful and de - fi - ant, But I'll

{ | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : m₁ | l₁ : - : d | t₁ : - : d | l₁ : - : m | m : - : r }

p

make you meek and pli - ant, And how I mean to hum - ble you I'll

{ | d : - : l₁ | t₁ : - : se₁ | l₁ : - : - | m₁ : - : m₁ | l₁ : - : d | t₁ : - : d | l₁ : - : m | m : - : r }

Slowly. (To Attendants.)

show you ve - ry soon; Find the mean - est beg - gar crawl - ing, That

{ | d : - : l₁ | t₁ : - : se₁ | l₁ : - : | d : - : r | m : - : f | s : - : m | r : - : d | t₁ : - : t₁ }

Slowly.

plies his dis - mal call - ing, And let Prin - cess I - na mar - ry him this ve - ry af - ter -

{ | d : - : r | m : - : d | t₁ : - : l₁ | se₁ : m₁ : m₁ | l₁ : - : d | t₁ : - : d | l₁ : - : m | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | t₁ : - : se₁ | }

(Exeunt Attendants, R. : Ina stands dazed ; general consternation.)

Andante.

- noon !

{ | l₁ : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | }

CHORUS.

What a pain - ful sit - u - a - tion, How un - suit - ed to her

{ | : | m₁ : - : m₁ | m : - : m | re : - : t₁ | r : de | : l₁ . l₁ | d : - : d | t₁ : - : se₁ | }

What a pain - ful sit - u - a - tion, How un - suit - ed to her

{ | : | m₁ : - : m₁ | d : - : d | t₁ : - : t₁ | t₁ : l₁ | : l₁ . l₁ | l₁ : - : l₁ | m₁ : - : m₁ | }

Andante.

sta - tion, That a Prin - cess, no - bly bred, Should a beg - gar wed In - stead ; What a

{ | t₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - : l₁ | t₁ : - : t₁ | d : d | r : - : re : - : re | m : m | s : - : f | m : - : m₁ : - : m₁ | }

sta - tion, That a Prin - cess, no - bly bred, Should a beg - gar wed In - stead ; What a

{ | m₁ : m₁ | l₁ : - : l₁ | l₁ : - : l₁ | l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - : d : - : d | t₁ : t₁ | l₁ : - : l₁ | se₁ : - : m₁ : - : m₁ | }

sad - hu - mil - i - a - tion, What a dread - ful de - gra - da - tion, For a
 { | m : - m | re : - . t | r : de | : m | m | d : - d | t | : - se | t | : l | : l | }

sad hu - mil - i - a - tion, What a dread - ful de - gra - da - tion, For a
 { | l | : - l | t | : - . t | t | : l | : m | m | l | : - l | m | : - m | m | : m | : l | l | }

*Enter Becco, R. bringing in Timothy Dobbs.
 Ina sees him and runs horrified to Syringa,
 appealing to him.*

Oh,
 { | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | }

maid of lin - eage high, None will grudge . . a ti - ny sigh!
 { | t | : - t | d : - d | r : - | re : - re | m : - | s : - f | m : | m : | l | : | : } }

maid of lin - eage high, None will grudge . . a ti - ny sigh!
 { | l | : - l | l | : - l | l | : - | d : - d | t | : - | l | : - l | l | : | se | : | l | : | : } }

mer - cy, don't dis - grace me thus, De - grade me and a - base me thus!
 { | l | : - m | d : - r : t | l | re : - re | m | t | : de | r } C.2.
 SYRINGA (to Chorus, ignoring her).
 Of
 { | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | }

ff

This

her I'll soon be rid - ding ye, Go straight and do my bid - ding, ye!

mf

beg - gar will you bind to me, So cru - el, so un - kind to me!

f

You

have the long and short of it, I'm clev - er to have thought of it!

f

You

GRIMCHECK.

You

(To Ina, mocking her.) (To Syringa.)

have the long and short of it, You're clev - er to have thought of it!

{ | 1 : - : d' | t : - : d' | 1 : - : m' | m' : - : r' | d' : - : l | t : - : se | 1 : - : l | s : - : } }

have the long and short of it, You're clev - er to have thought of it! I'm

{ | 1 : - : d' | t : - : d' | 1 : - : m' | m' : - : r' | d' : - : l | t : - : se | 1 : - : l | s : - : f } }

(To each other.)

I'm ve - ry glad he thought of it!

{ | : : | : : s | m : - : m | f : - : | : : | : : s | m : - : m' | m' : - : } }

ve - ry glad, I'm ve - ry glad he thought of it!

{ | m : - : m | f : - : | : : | : : s | m : - : m | f : - : s | m : - : m' | m' : - : } }

INA. *p*

With laugh - ter grim your cheers de - ride me!

3. D. *f* s l t d' : m' r' | d' : t }

CHORUS (mocking).

Hail the bride-groom, hail the bride!

B.3.

{ m' s : - : m | d : r | m : r . d | r : : : : : : : : } }

{ d' m : - : d | s, : t, | d : t, . l, | t, : : : : : : : : } }

ff

Hail the bride-groom, hail the bride!

{ l d : - : s, | m, : s, | s : fe, | s, : : : : : : : : } }

ad lib.

To aw-ful fate will ye thus doom me?

3.D. *f.* *G.*

{ | : | : | : | s₁ m₁ : l₁ d₁ | f₁ : - t₁ m₁ : - se | m₁ : m₁ | : | : | : }

f.

Hail the bride and hail the groom!

B.3.

{ | m₁ s₁ : - m₁ | d₁ : r₁ | m₁ : f₁ | r₁ } : | : | : || : | : | : | : }

f.

Hail the bride and hail the groom!

{ | d₁ : - s₁ | m₁ : s₁ | s₁ : l₁ | s₁ : | : | : || : | : | : | : }

f. *rall.* *p*

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

f.

How folks will talk And this marriage De-plore, She'll

{ | : | : | : | : m₁ || l₁ : - m₁ | d₁ : l₁ : t₁ | d₁ : d₁ : r₁ | m₁ : - m₁ }

Allegro.

f.

have to walk, For no carriage And four Will car - ry this haughty one, Wayward and naughty one,

{ | l₁ : - m₁ | d₁ : l₁ : t₁ | d₁ : d₁ : r₁ | m₁ : - f₁ | s₁ : - m₁ : d₁ | r₁ : m₁ : f₁ | s₁ : - m₁ : d₁ | r₁ : m₁ : f₁ }

She must be hum-ble and mean ; . . . No cav - al-cade With pos - til-ions Ga-lore, No

{ | s : - m : s | l : fe : l | t : - : - | : - : s | d' : - : s | m : d : r | m : m : f | s : - : s }

crowds ar - rayed By millions Or more, But the stu - pidest, flab - bi - est, Shab - bi - est, drab - bi - est

{ | d' : - : s | m : d : r | m : m : f | s : - : l . l | ^{B.4.} s : - m : d | r : m : f | s : - m : d | r : m : f }

Wedding that ev - er was seen ! How seen !

{ | s : m : s | ^{4.G.} la d' : - : - | : - : - : s : - : s | d : - : - | : : d || d : - : - | : - : - | : : | : : }

1st time. *2nd time.*

Repeat, Dancing.

(Chorus surround Ina and Timothy. Falsair and Grimcheek in front pat Syringa on the back approvingly : Ina struggles to get free, but Timothy holds her fast and drags her off as the Curtain falls.)

Sva

No. 9. SONG (INA).—"NO MORE AM I A PRINCESS NOW."

more am I a Prin - cess now, But doom'd by a guar - dian's cru - el vow To
 none would think, to look.. at me, That I was a maid of high de - gree ; This
 { | 1 : - : t | d' : - : t | 1 : - : t : l | se : - : m | 1 : - : s . s | f : - : m | r : - : m : d | t , : - : r }

lead a most un - hap - py life, A dis - mal beg - gar's wife ; . .
gown is all I have.. to wear, My home this cot - tage bare ; . .
{ | s : - : d | f : - : m | l : - : t : d' | t : - : l | s : - : d' | r : m : f | s : - : - | - : - : }

ev - 'ry-where, Thro' coun-tries far .. and nigh, And you'll a-gree There
 ev - 'ry-where, Thro' coun-tries far .. and nigh, And you'll a-gree There

{ 1 : - : t : l | se : - : m | 1 : - : s : f | m : - : r : d | t, i : - : - : | : : r | s : - : d | f : - : m }

could not be A Prin-cess proud as I! . . (She rises, and gathers up sticks in cloth.)
could not be A maid so sad as I! . . (She picks up a pan and a duster, and tries to do
some cleaning, then drops wearily into chair, L.)

{ | l : - : t : d | t : - : l | s : - : l | t : d : r | m : - : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

pp espress.

Enter Timothy Dobbs, he carries a sack and basket, with provisions. From time to time during this Scene he busies himself with a little dusting, cleaning, polishing, &c.

Dobbs (putting down sack and basket).—There! a fine supply of food for you to cook! Is the firewood ready?

Ina (pointing sullenly to cloth in corner).—There it is.

Dobbs (undoing cloth).—Why it isn't half chopped up.

Ina.—But my fingers are! look at them! (holding out her hands for sympathy.)

Dobbs (looking at her hands).—Well—you are clumsy; you'll never get on like that.

Ina.—Let the servants do it, then!

Dobbs.—Servants! we can't afford servants. (Puts chopper in her hand.) There, have another try, and I will look on and encourage you. (Ina takes a piece of wood, which he puts in her other hand, and chops clumsily.) Beautiful little place, this! Lovely view!

Ina.—All view, and nothing else! Where on earth are we?

Dobbs.—About two miles from the King's castle, in Larissa.

Ina (startled).—Larissa?

Dobbs.—Yes, and this cottage belongs to the man you called Thrushbeard.

Ina.—This cottage Thrushbeard's? Then my humiliation is complete!

Dobbs.—Humiliation! not a bit of it. We ought to be very grateful to so mighty a monarch for his charity in giving shelter to a couple of poor beggars.

Ina.—Do you know that I might have married him once?

Dobbs.—It is too late to think about that now.

Ina.—I believe I would have done so, but for his nasty little beard.

Dobbs (stroking his chin).—Perhaps he has cut it off by now. I shall see for myself this afternoon; I am going up to the castle for the wedding.

Ina (roused from her reverie).—A wedding? who is going to be married?

Dobbs.—Why, Thrushbeard, of course.

Ina.—O-oh! (chops viciously.)

Dobbs.—You seem to be annoyed about something.

Ina.—Oh—I don't care! (hits her hand with the

chopper.) He's going to marry some stuck-up Princess, I suppose.

Dobbs.—Well, you have nearly guessed it; but it is a secret at present. All the great people for miles round have been invited for the festivities.

Ina (sneering).—I suppose you have been invited, too.

Dobbs.—Not exactly, but the cook is a friend of mine, and I have got for you the post of extra under-scullery-maid; you won't be able to see much, but you can hear the cheering from the back kitchen.

Ina (indignantly).—That won't do at all for me; I want to see the bride quite close.

Dobbs.—Well, I will promise that you shall get nearer to the bride than I do.

Ina (excited).—Come along, then, let us get ready to go at once!

Dobbs.—I think that perhaps, on the whole, I had better leave you at home; you see, you'll be so tired after your day's work.

Ina.—No work for me when there is a wedding to be seen!

Dobbs.—Oh, yes, there is—lots! You have to wash up the tea-things, clean the windows (Ina's face grows longer and longer), make the beds, scrub the floors, black the boots,—why, I do believe you're crying!

Ina (sobbing).—You are going to leave me at home to slave, while you go out and enjoy yourself.

Dobbs (flippantly).—I thought you would be glad to get rid of me.

Ina (moving towards him, imploring).—Oh, don't leave me by myself again in this lonely place.

Dobbs (gently).—Well, then, Ina, listen to me. Are you listening?

Ina (whimpering).—Ye-e-s.

Dobbs.—I will stop at home and help you; we'll do the work together, get it all done quickly (Ina brightens up), wash our hands, brush our hair, and then—off we go to the castle! There, are you happier now? (drying Ina's tears.)

Ina.—Ye-es, dear Timothy (checking her tears).

Dobbs.—And though I am only just a common beggar, while you are a great Princess, we will both agree to make the best of a bad job.

Ina (almost recovered).—Yes, dear Timothy!

No. 10. DUET (TIMOTHY DOBBS AND INA).—"SECURELY TIED UP NOW."

Allegro. DOBBS. *f*

Doh is D. Se - cure - ly tied up now, Are we, All
 { : | : | : | : | : s | d' : d' | t : d' | l : d' | s : - f }

Allegro. *f*

through our hum - ble life, So you, my dear, must vow To be A loy - al trust - ing
 { | m : s | r : s | d : - | : s | d' : - d' | t : d' | l : d' | s : f | m : s | r : s }

wife; Let's make the best Of this snug nest, And live in per - fect am - i - ty, To
 { | d : - | A.t. | t : s | d : r : m | f : m : f : r | m : - f | s : f : s | l : s : f : m | r : - d | d : s : s }

nag and fight Or bark and bite Would on - ly bring cal - am - i - ty;
 { | d' : - | : d' | r : - | : r | la : - | : la | t : - | : f | m : s | d' : m' | r' : - d' | d' : ||

peace we'll live, I'll soon for -

{ m :--| f :--| s :--| : : | : : | : : | : : | : s | m :--| f :--| }

Then here's . . . to long liv-ing! . . .

{ :--| : : | : : | : : | : s | d' :--| - : r' : d' | t : s :--| - : : | : : | }

give, The tricky you have played me, The

{ s :--| : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : s | d' : t : d' | l : t : d' }

Yes, do . . . be for-giv-ing, . . . The trick I have played you, The

{ : : | : : | : s | m' :--| - : r' : d' | t : s :--| - : : | : s | d' : t : d' | l : t : d' }

beggar you've made me, So here's a free par-don from me, . . . so here's a free

{ t : l : t | se : l : t | l : se : l | f : s : l | s :--| - : : | - : : | f | m : s | d' : m' }

beg-gar I've made you, So grant a free par-don to me, . . . so grant a free

{ t : l : t | se : l : t | l : se : l | f : s : l | s :--| - : : | - : : | r | d : m | s : d' }

(Dance, and exit Ina to cottage, R.)

par - don from me!
 { | r' : - : - | - : d' : t | d' : - : - | - : - : - | : : | : : | : : | : : }

par - don to me!
 { | l : - : - | - : f : - : f | m : - : - | - : - : - | : : | : : | : : | : : }

Enter Hob, Nob and Snob, L., in rich uniforms, with arms linked. Their movements should be simultaneous and imitate each other with clockwork regularity. They advance to R., Dobbs stands L., bowing to them, and begging.

Hob (R.C., pointing to cottage).—Is this hut the er—palace of her Royal Highness—

Nob.—Mrs.—

Snob.—Timothy—

Hob, Nob and Snob.—DOBBS?

Dobbs (suppressing his laughter, and bowing humbly).—It is, kind sirs. Spare a small coin to help a newly-married beggar towards furnishing his ballroom.

Hob.—It is you who should be generous—

Nob.—To us—

Snob.—Your disappointed—

Hob, Nob and Snob.—RIVALS. (*They wipe away a tear.*)

Dobbs (laughing).—Oh, yes, you are the three brave (*Hob points to himself*), gallant (*Nob points to himself*), handsome (*Snob points to himself*, the others protest) rivals for the hand of the Princess.

Hob.—But now—

Nob.—We—

Snob.—Are—

Hob, Nob and Snob.—FRIENDS! (*Snob gives coin to Nob, who passes it to Hob, who passes it to Dobbs.*)

Dobbs (to Hob).—Thank you! (*bows.*)

Hob (to Nob).—Thank you! (*bows.*)

Nob (to Snob).—Thank you! (*bows.*)

Dobbs.—May I ask your names?

Hob (grandly).—Hob!

Nob (more grandly).—Nob!

Snob (shrilly).—Snob!

Dobbs.—And this magnificent uniform?

Hob.—Grimcheek's—

Nob.—Own—

Snob.—Turntails.

Hob.—Field-Marshal Grimcheek—

Nob.—The new Commander-in-Chief.

Snob.—Equerry to the Crown Princess.

Dobbs.—And who may she be?

Hob.—Her—

Nob.—Royal—

Snob.—Highness—

Hob, Nob and Snob.—FALSAIR!

Dobbs (amazed).—Falsair! Impossible! My wife, the Princess Ina, is Crown Princess.

Hob (waving hand).—Princess Ina is—

Nob (waving hand).—Dis—

Snob (waving hand).—in—

Hob, Nob and Snob.—herited! (*all step forward with outstretched hand.*)

Dobbs.—Is this the object of your visit?

Hob.—Y—

Nob.—E— (*links his arm in Hob's.*)

Snob.—S (*takes Nob's arm.*)

Hob, Nob and Snob.—YES! (*they stride pompously towards cottage, R., and exeunt.*)

Enter L., Aline, Clarissa, Nobles and Ladies of the Court. They crowd round Timothy Dobbs, who welcome them good-humouredly, holding out his hand for alms, and bowing to their congratulations.

No. 11.

CHORUS.—“COME, HITHER, HITHER, ALL.”

Allegro.

Doh is B♭.

1. Come hi-ther, hi-ther, all, ha, ha!
2. It is not ev-'ry day, ha, ha!

1. To make your form-al
2. Prin-cess-es come our

We've lit-tle else to do But call on neigh-bours new:
Though sad-ly we must own That beg-gars we have known:
F.t. *f. B♭.*

call, ha, ha! We've lit-tle else to do But call on neigh-bours new: Oh,
way, ha, ha! Though sad-ly we must own That beg-gars we have known: So

rall.

We want to see the bride, ha, ha! The presents we would
Of this, that we may boast, ha, ha! Of know-ing (more or
{ | : | : .s₁ | d .t₁ : l₁ .d | f .r : t₁ .s₁ | m .m : r .m }

may we come in - side, ha, ha?
let us make the most, ha, ha!
{ | l₁ .s₁ : f₁ .l₁ | r .t₁ : s₁ | : | : | : }

rall.

a tempo.
view, }
less), } Ha, ha, ha, ha, . . . ha, ha, ha,
{ | d : | : | : .f | m .f : s | - .m : f .r }

a tempo.
The love-ly trousseau too. }
"My friend, the dear Prin-cess." } Ha, ha, ha, ha, . . . ha, ha, ha,
{ | : .s₁ | d .d : t₁ .d | l₁ :- .r | d .r : m | - .d : r .t₁ }

a tempo.

(After verse 2, enter Phoebe, and Chorus of Village Maidens and Yokels : they come forward, grinning broadly.)

ha!
{ | d :- | : | : | : | : | : | : ||

ha!
{ | d :- | : | : | : | : | : | : ||

8324.

Allegretto grazioso.

beäu - ti - ful Wed - ding as nev - er Have been ! The la - dy, she shil - lied
f. **ff**.

{ | r : - . d : t₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ : d | r : d : t₁ | l₁ : - : - | : : l₁ m | m : m : m | l : l : }

beäu - ti - ful Wed - ding as nev - er Have been ! and

{ | t₁ : - . l₁ : se₁ | l₁ : - . l₁ : l₁ | t₁ : l₁ : se₁ | l₁ : - : - | : : | : : | : : l₁ m }

and tar-ried, too, Turned up 'er nose at the "Nobs," But it warn't no
 B.t.
 shal-ried Turned up 'er nose at the "Nobs," But it warn't no

{ | : :m | d' :-t:l | d' :-r'l:m' | r' :-d'l:t | d' :- : - | : :d' f.f | m :- :d }
 { | t :t : | : : | m :-f:s | f :-m:r | m :- : - | : :d' f.f | m :- :d }

f

good, for she's been and got mar-ried to Poor old Tim-o-thy Dobbs! . . .

{ | r :-r:m | d :-t:l | t :-d:l | s :- :m | r :-m:r | s :- : - | - : - : - }

good, for it warn't no good, for she's been and got mar-ried to Poor old Tim-o-thy

{ | r :-r:m | d :-t:l | t :-d:l | s :-s:l | l :-l:l | s :- :m | r :-m:d }

REST OF CHORUS, LADIES, NOBLES, &c. (correcting).
 Poor old Tim-o-thy Dobbs! . . . Mis-ter Tim-o-thy,
 { | s :- :m | r :-m:d | l :- : - | : : | s :- :m | r :-m:f | : : }

VILLAGERS.
 Dobbs, . . . Poor old Tim-o-thy, Mas-ter
 { | s :- :m | l :- : - | f :- :l | d :-l:f | : : | : : | m :- :d }

ALL. *Allegro.*

Prin - cess Tim - o - thy Dobbs! Ha, ha, ha, ha, . . ha, ha, ha, ha!

Tim - o - thy, Prin - cess Tim - o - thy Dobbs! Ha, ha, ha, ha, . . ha, ha, ha, ha!

Enter Ina and Timothy Dobbs, R.

Dobbs (to Ina).—Now, make your best curtsy, Ina.

Ina.—You needn't think that I am going to bow and scrape to all these common people.

Dobbs.—Good morning, kind ladies and gentlemen.

Ina (sullenly).—Good morning, pry-cats! (*tosses her head, all curtsy elaborately*).

Phæbe (mockingly).—We are only poor simple peasant girls, but we wish your Royal Highness every happiness!

Yokels (grinning loudly).—Haw. haw!

Aline (spitefully).—We've called to congratulate.

Clarissa.—And we're simply dying to see the trousseau.

Aline.—Such a pretty, pretty wedding!

Clarissa.—And the presents, my dear: I never saw anything so lovely.

Ina.—You are all jealous because you can't get married yourselves.

Aline.—We can't all have such grand husbands, can we? (*curtseying*) Princess—ahem—Timothy—ahem—Dobbs!

All.—Princess Timothy Dobbs! (*curtseying: Ina covers her face with her hands and flies into cottage, R. amidst jeers, and cries of "Dobbs, Dobbs!"*)

Enter Becco, L.

Becco.—His Majesty King Syringa approaches.

Enter Syringa, L. looking very forlorn and miserable: he carries a handbag, and umbrella.

Syringa (miserably).—Is this the way to the castle?

Dobbs.—(*Whining and cringing, holding out his hand for alms*). Yes, it is, Nunky! (*bursts out laughing, and runs off, L.*)

Syringa (startled).—Eh, I beg your pardon?

Becco.—The beggar, your Majesty, who married your niece.

Syringa (absently).—Niece? I have no niece now: I have nothing, except this bag and umbrella. Falsair has stolen everything (*sits disconsolately at table, L.*)

Aline.—Is your Majesty going to the castle? (*takes his umbrella.*)

Syringa (gratefully).—Thank you, thank you, yours is the first kindness I have received to-day.

Clarissa (sympathetically).—But why does your Majesty carry your his-its own luggage? (*takes bag.*)

Syringa.—Oh, don't mind the grammar, I appreciate the sentiment. Falsair and Grimcheek have appropriated all my body-guards and attendants in order to keep up their new dignity. Here they come, the unfeeling wretches!

Becco.—I must warn Hob and the others. (*exit Becco, R.*)

Syringa (looking off, L.). My guard of honour, too! Well, It serves me right.

Enter Hob, Nob and Snob, from cottage, R., they advance to the centre.

Hob.—Her—

Nob.—Royal—

Snob.—Highness—

Hob, Nob and Snob.—The Crown Princess, Falsair; Likewise—

Hob.—His—

Nob.—Noble—

Snob.—Lordship—

Hob, Nob and Snob.—The Commander-in-Chief, (*they wheel round to R., facing L.*)

Flourish.—*Enter Guard of honour, preceding Falsair and Grimcheek, followed by Delia. They are both extravagantly dressed, and puffed up with conceit; Falsair leads Grimcheek by a chain attached to his neck and occasionally pulls him up short, when he gets obstreperous. They advance to the front, swaggering, and bowing superciliously. Syringa rises to greet them, but Falsair waves him aside contemptuously: Grimcheek imitates her; exit Syringa, with a gesture of despair, R.*

Falsair (to Delia).—Fetch Mrs. T. Dobbs. (*exit Delia, Falsair sits, L.*)

Grimcheek.—Say that the haw-haw er-Commander-in-Chief demands her presence. (*Falsair suppresses him with a jerk at the chain.*)

Falsair (looking round superciliously through eye-glass). What is this mob doing here?

Phæbe (curtseying). May it please your Royal Highness, we are on our way to the castle, and stopped to see the bride.

Grimcheek (with unction).—Our dear, dear little Ina.

Falsair (suppressing Grimcheek, to Phæbe).—But what are you, and what do you do for a living?

Phæbe.—We are sons and daughters of the soil, and we spend most of our time in singing and dancing.

Falsair (languidly).—How very interesting!

Grimcheek (drawling).—Ya-a-as, how vewy intwest-ing!

No. 12. SONG (PHÆBE) WITH CHORUS.—“THE HARDEST TASK OF
TRULY RURAL FOLK.”

Allegro. *Andante con moto.*

Doh is E^b7.

1. The
2. Time

Allegro. *Andante con moto.*

f

hard-est task of tru-ly ru-ral folk Is . . look-ing for a-musement all day
hangs a tri-fle heav-y now and then, So we gen-er-al-ly roost when day gets

{ d . r : m . r | d . r : m . f | s : — | : l . t | d' . t : l . d' | t . l : t . d' }

long, To . . oc-cu-py our lei-sure Let us tread a mer-ry measure, And en-
dark, In the hope of get-ting healthy, Ve-ry wise and ve-ry wealthy, If we

{ l : — | — : t . l | se . m : b . se | l . t : l . s | fe . r : m . fe | s . l : s . f }

li-ven dull'ex-istence with a song : So . . leave your work and turn your mind to
on-ly try to rise up with the lark ; But though we fol-low what the pro-verbs

{ m . f : s . l | f . s : l . d' | t : — | : m . r | d . r : m . r | d . r : m . f }

play, From ear - ly dawn to dew - y close of day, En -
 say, This wis - dom nev - er seems to come our way, And
 { s : - | : l . t | d' . t : l . d' | t . l : t . d' | l : - | : t . l }

deav - our to en - joy your - selves And cheer - i - ly em - ploy your - selves In
 so it's not sur - pri - sing All these years of ear - ly ri - sing Have not
 { se . m : b . se | l . t : l . s | fe . r : m . fe | s . l : s . f }

rall. *Allegro.*
 car - ol - ling a rous - ing round - e - lay. Then . .
 taught us more than how to "round - e - lay!" }
 { m . f : s . d' | s . f : r . m | d : - | : | : | s : - . f }

Allegro.
rall.

sing a round - e - lay, my boys, Sing a round - e - lay, You . .
 { m : f m | r : m . r | d : s | s : - | l : - . t | d' : t . d' | r' : - | m' : - . r' }

can't do wrong In a rus - tic song If you sing a round - e - lay, . . . A

{ | d' : l | l : t . d' | t : s | s : l . t | l : f | f : l | r' : - . t | d' : - . l }

ve - ry mer - ry, ve - ry mer - ry, ve - ry mer - ry round - e - lay!

{ | t . s : l . f | s . m : f . x | m . f : s . l | m : r | d : - | : }

CHORUS.

Then . . . f

{ | : | : | : | : | : | : } { | s : - . f | t : - }

sing a round - e - lay, my boys, Sing a - round - e - lay, You . .

{ | m : f . m | r : m . x | d : s | s : - | l : - . t | d' : t . d' | r' : - | m' : - . r' | }
 { | d : d | t : t | d : m | m : - | f : - . s | l : s . l | t : - | se : - }

can't do wrong In a rus - tic song If you sing a round - e - lay, . . . A

{ | d' : l | l : t . d' | t : s | s : l . t | l : f | f : l | r' : - . t | d' : - . l | }
 { | l : l | f : s . l | l : s | m : f . s | f : f | f : f | f : - | - : - . f }

ve - ry mer - ry, ve - ry mer - ry, ve - ry mer - ry round - e - lay.

No. 13.

COUNTRY DANCE.



(*Exeunt Phæbe, Yokels and Villagers, L.*)

Enter Ina, Syringa, and Delia, R.

Ina (to Falsair).—Good—day Ugly—Face! (makes mock curtsy.)

Falsair.—Ah, the beggar girl! What a cha-arming bride she made, too! So happily suited with a husband who is in every way desirable!

Ina.—I would rather be an honest beggar's wife than a sneaking old maid.

Falsair (fanning herself to conceal her confusion).—Tell the child, dear brother—

Grimcheek.—Yes, dear sister!

Falsair.—That though we are very exalted personages, we need refreshment.

Grimcheek (to Ina).—Lemonade for two, quick. (Exit Ina, R.)

Grimcheek.—Don't you think we might ask King Syringa to join us?

Falsair.—It would be no good: I have left all my poisons at home.

Ina (re-entering with refreshments).—That will be Four pounds, please.

Falsair (staggered).—Four pounds! You surely must mean fourpence?

Ina.—We always charge double prices to ahem—Royalties!

Falsair (signing to Grimcheek, who pays reluctantly).—You are such a sharp child, I must use my influence to get you a place in my court.

Ina (innocently, busy with glasses).—Do you live down a court?

Falsair.—No, stupid! I am heiress to this old man (pointing to King Syringa, who stands, dejected, in a corner), and he won't last long: (appealing to Syringa) You won't last too long, will you, dear, dear King Syringa?

Syringa (sadly).—I am sure I hope not. And then, perhaps, you will be satisfied, with two kingdoms under your heel.

Falsair (puzzled).—Two?

Syringa.—Yes, two. I have just heard that the lady in whose honour we are invited to the castle, is none other than the heiress to my throne.

Falsair.—I? Am I to be Thrushbeard's bride?

Ina (spitefully).—What a cha-arming bride you will make, to be sure! (Exit Ina and Syringa, R.)

Falsair (greatly excited).—I knew it! my fame must have reached him! Perhaps he has seen my portraits in the illustrated papers!

Grimcheek.—Oh, no, my dear, he can't have seen them!

Falsair (throws chain to Grimcheek, it catches him round the neck, nearly choking him; he disentangles himself with difficulty).—Take my luggage (to Delia) into the cottage, I must array myself at once, and start for the castle (rushing about skittishly). My wedding day! I feel so nervous! What a beautiful Queen I shall make!

No. 14. SONG (FALSAIR) WITH CHORUS — "THIS JOYFUL NEWS."

Allegro.

Doh is G. 1. This

Allegro.

f

joy - ful news that's just to hand, Con - fu - ses me, I own, For
 2. foun - tains all shall flow with wine From dawn till day be done, And
 3. when of feasts we ja - ded are, And things are ra - ther slow, We'll

{ | d : - : d | r : - : d | s : - : s | l : - : s | f : - : f | s : - : f | m : - : - | : : m }

mf

I am called by King's com-mand, To grace a no - ble throne: And
 all the pop - u - lace shall dine From morn till set of sun; You'll
 ad - ver - tise a grand ba-zaar, And hold a "Beau - ty Show"; The

{ | r : - : r | m : - : fe | s : - : r | r : - : d | t₁ : - : d | l₁ : - : t₁ | s₁ : - : - | : : s₁ }

when I've set - tled down at Court And learnt the Roy - al "We," I'll
 hear the sound of din - ner gong As of - ten as you please, And
 fair - est maid - ens in the land May claim to be the belle, But

{ | l₁ : - : l₁ | r : - : d | t₁ : - : s₁ | d : - : m | f : - : r | m : - : d | s : - : - | : : s₁ }

show you ve - ry soon the sort Of Queen I mean to be, sort of
 you shall feast un - til you long For sim - ple bread and cheese, for . .
 I shall give the pri - zes and I'll take them all as well, and I'll

{ d : - : d | r : - : d | s : - : s | l : - : s | f : - : f | s : - : f | m : - : - | r : m : f }

Queen I mean to be.
 sim - ple bread and cheese! } Then
 take them all as well! }

{ s : - : - | d : - : - | d : - : - | t : - : - | d : - : - | - : - : - | : : | : : s : }

bow ye, low, . . . And gro - vel, so, . . . With

{ d : - : - | d : - : - | d : - : - | - : - : d | s : - : - | d : - : - | d : - : - | - : - : d }

most re - spect - ful mien, . . . with most re - spect - ful mien, For

{ r : - : m | f : - : r | s : - : - | - : - : s | l : - : { t : d' : - : l } | s : - : - | : : s }

{ s : fe : s : l }

you must know I mean to show What it

{ l : - : - r : - : - s : - : - d : - : - f : - : - t : - : - n : - : - r : m : f }

is to be a Queen!

{ s : - : d | d : - : t | d : - : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

CHORUS. *(During Chorus, Falsair dances round the stage.)*

Then bow ye, low, . . . And

{ : : | : : | : : | : : s | d : - : - d : - : - d : - : - : d }

gro - - vel, so, . . . With most re-spect - ful mien, . . . with

{ s : - : - d : - : - d : - : - : d | r : - : m | f : - : r | s : - : - : - : s }

mean to show What it is to be a Queen!

{ f :-:- | t₁ :-:- | m :-: | r : m : f | s :-: d | d :-: t₁ | d :-:- | -:-:- }

2. The Queen!
3. And
d :-:-|-:-:

— 5 —

Dobbs.—Not Timothy, but Thrushbeard! (*Removes his slouch hat.*)

All.—THRUSHBEARD!

Grimcheek.—Yes, Thrushbeard, without the thrushbeard!

Dobbs.—Yes, Timothy Dobbs is Thrushbeard, and Ina (*enter Ina, dressed in royal robes, with Becco, Atine and Clarissa.*) is Thrushbeard's Queen!

(*General sensation; Ina goes to Timothy.*)

Enter, R., Falsair, greatly excited, attended by Delia. She carries a large bouquet. Dobbs moves Ina to back, as Falsair enters.

Falsair (*not seeing Ina*).—Now we're quite ready, but I have no crown; (*skittishly*) I can't go to the castle without a crown. (*Dobbs puts his fingers to his lips, motioning silence to the others.*)

Dobbs.—Thrushbeard has sent this (*showing crown*) for his bride; will you stand there (*indicating c.*) Falsair affects great shyness and nervousness, looking L., with head turned away. Dobbs beckons Ina forward; Ina advances so that Dobbs is between her and Falsair). Are you ready, your Highness? (*to Falsair*).

Falsair (*with a shy little squeak*).—Yes.

Dobbs.—One—two—three—(*moves his hands as if to put crown on Falsair's head, but turns and puts it on Ina's head amid general laughter. Falsair looks up to find herself the centre of a jeering crowd.*)

Syringa, R.—You won't want that bouquet now! (*snatches it from Falsair and hands it to Ina*).

Grimcheek, L.—A nice exhibition you have made of yourself! (*Falsair goes for him; they quarrel.*)

No. 15.

FINALE.—“I’VE BEEN A LITTLE ROUGH.”

Allegro. SYRINGA.

Lah is G. Doh is B♭. I've

Allegro.

been a lit - tle rough, you know, And now you've had e - nough, you know, To

make us un - der - stand each o - ther bet - ter than be - fore: By

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Dobbs.

(All dance.)

We'll
G.3.
:m|s||

have a cor - o - na - tion O, As suits our rank and sta - tion O, No

{ | d : - :m | r : - :m | d : - :s | s : - :f | m : - :d | r : - :t, | d : - :s, | s, : - :s, | }

InA.

long - er are we beg - gars now, to King's es - tate we've grown!

{ | d : - :m | r : - :m | d : - :s | s : - :f | m : - :d | r : - :t, | d : - : - : | : :m.f | }

'Tis a

most ex - ci - ting rise for me, A ve - ry great sur - prise for me, To

{ | s : - :l | ta : - :s | f : - :m | r : - :r | m : - :f | s : - :m | r : - :d | t, : - :s, | }

rit. *a tempo*

leap in one brief mo - ment from a cot - tage to a throne.

{ d : - : m | r : - : m | d : - : s | s : - : f | m : - : d | r : - : t | d : - : - | : : }

CHORUS. *ff*

'Tis a

{ : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

{ : m . f | : d . r }

rit. *a tempo.*

To leap in one brief

{ : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

{ s : - : l | t a : - : s | f : - : m | r : - : r | m : - : f | s : - : m | r : - : d | t : - : - | : : | : : }

{ m : - : f | s : - : m | r : - : d | t : - : t | d : - : r | m : - : d | t : - : l | s : - : - | : : | : : }

most ex - ci - ting rise for her, A ve - ry great sur - prise for her,

mf

mo - ment from a cot - tage to a throne, . . . in one brief

{ d : - : s | s : - : f | m : - : d | r : - : t | d : - : - | : : | : : | s : - : - | f : - : - | m : - : - }

mo - ment from a cot - tage to a throne. . .

{ r : - : - | re : - : - | m : - : - | fe : - : - | s : - : - | se : - : - | l : - : - | t : - : - | d : - : - | : : | : : | : : | : : }

{ s : - : - | d : - : - | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

(They dance.)

CHORUS. *ff*

This joy - ful news Be spreading A-broad: Let none re-fuse, But this

{ | : : | : :m || 1 : - :m | d : l, : t, | d : d : r | m : - :m | 1 : - :m | d : l, : t, }

wedding Ap plaud: No long - er a haughty one, Wayward and naughty one, I - na now real-ly is

{ | d : d : r | m : - :f | s : - :m : d | r : m : f | s : - :m : d | r : m : f | s : - :m : s | l : fe : l }

Queen; . . . A cav - al-cade With pos - til - ions Ga-lore, And crowds ar - rayed By

{ t : - : - | - : - : s | d' : - : s | m : d : r | m : m : f | s : - : s | d' : - : s | m : d : r }

mil-lions Will roar, A cheer for the fair-est And brav - est and rar - est Young cou-ple that ev -

B.⁴ { m : m : f | s : - : f | s : - : m : d | r : m : f | s : - : m : d | r : m : f | s : m : s | } ^{4. G.} { la d' : - : - | f l : - : - }

1st time. 2nd time.

- - - er was seen ! This seen !

{ fe : - : - | s : - : s | d : - : - | : : m { d' : - : - | - : - : - | : : : | : : : } }

(Curtain.)
Sve.....

THE END.